

1 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 16. 07.55

1

Pretty much continuous from last time we saw CATHERINE, CLARE and DANIEL at the end of ep 5...

CATHERINE's on her phone, waiting for someone to answer at the other end.

CLARE

You can't go in all guns blazing and accuse her of something.

CATHERINE

DANIEL

Can't I.

Why not?

CLARE (CONT'D)

Look I'm not even hundred percent it *is* her. And even if it is...

"...she could have been buying it for someone else", CLARE was about to say, but she realises that - in the context - seems unlikely.

Suddenly at the other end of the line:

MIKE

(ooe)

Catherine.

CATHERINE

Mike! You know that list from the DIU? Was there anyone on it called Wealand? We think -

(she consults CLARE with a look)

Cecily Wealand.

CLARE nods.

Cutting as and when with -

CUT TO:

2 INT/EXT. MIKE'S CAR. DAY 16. 07.56

2

MIKE's driving to work in his BMW.

MIKE

Off top of my head... no. It doesn't ring a bell.

CATHERINE

Okay, well were any of 'em from Scotland? A Scottish address.

MIKE

Yeah. Yeah. There was one.

CATHERINE

Can you ask the DIU to prioritise
that one?

MIKE

Sure.

CATHERINE

'Cos you know that woman I showed
you. On that CCTV. On my phone.
Clare thinks it's a teaching
assistant at our Ryan's school.

MIKE

Really?

CATHERINE

She's only been there four weeks
and she came down from Scotland.

MIKE

What, and we think she visits Tommy
Lee Royce in prison?

CATHERINE

God knows.

She can barely believe it, but who knows?

MIKE

I'll get onto it, I'm hanging up,
tata.

He hangs up. CATHERINE turns back to CLARE and DANIEL.

CATHERINE

Let's keep him at home today.

CLARE

Yeah, he won't like that. He's got
football.

CUT TO:

2A

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 16. 08.15

2A

Breakfast time. AMANDA's loading the dishwasher noisily.
JOHN's polishing his shoes. BEN can't find his football
boots.

JACK

Nobody's touched 'em!

BEN

I saw you!

JACK

Nobody. Is interested. In touching
your crap.

BEN

They were *there*, and now they
aren't.

JACK

Nobody *cares*. Literally. No-one.

Suddenly, anger, emotion, frustration spewing out of him -

JOHN

Just - ! Shut up. Shut -
(the f*%k)
UP. You *need*. To stop arguing. You
need. To start looking after each
other. All of you!

So that was a bit shocking. Silence. Eventually -

AMBER

You are stopping now dad. Aren't
you?

JOHN stares at her. No, he isn't stopping. He's going down.
He knows he is.

JOHN

Yeah.

(he looks across at
AMANDA, who he still
hates)

I'm stopping.

CUT TO:

3

INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S CAR/ST MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL. DAY 16. 3
08.45

CATHERINE pulls up in her car outside RYAN's school where
everyone's arriving for the day including CESCO. RYAN's with
her, with his sports bag. CATHERINE has a very determined
look in her eye. She flips her seat belt over her shoulder.

CATHERINE

I'll just pop in with you.

RYAN

Why?

CATHERINE

I just need to have a word with
Mrs.Beresford.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

She's asked if I can arrange to bring a police dog in again, and I just - I need to run through a few dates with her.

RYAN

(pushes his door open)

Great.

CUT TO:

4 INT. ST MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL, CORRIDOR. DAY 16. 08.46 4

CATHERINE heads through the corridors towards MRS.BERESFORD's office, keeping a keen eye out for anyone who looks like a possible candidate to be MISS WEALAND. CATHERINE spies MRS.BERESFORD along a corridor.

CATHERINE

Ah.

MRS.BERESFORD can tell by the look on CATHERINE's face that she needs a word and it's urgent.

CUT TO:

5 INT. ST MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL, MRS.BERESFORD'S OFFICE. 5
DAY 16. 08.47

MRS.BERESFORD follows CATHERINE into her office and closes the door behind her.

CATHERINE

Right, long story sideways.

(CATHERINE isn't aggressive; she's firm, brisk, clear. There's obvious mutual respect between the two of them)

Our Ryan. Has been coming home from school talking about Tommy Lee Royce as this poor misunderstood fella who we all need to forgive. Someone in this school is putting ideas in his head. Someone left a birthday present - an expensive birthday present - on our doorstep with a card "from dad". He. Is starting to think of that evil twisted murdering -

(she mouths it politely)

bastard as his father because some deluded -

(she wants to swear again)

somebody in this school is filling his head with -

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

(and again)
deeply inappropriate ideas.
(MRS.BERESFORD is shaking
her head, she can't
imagine that's true)
Do you recognise this person?

She shows her the CCTV footage on her phone. MRS.BERESFORD looks at it carefully. She's anxious. Whilst not wanting to believe it, she takes what CATHERINE says very seriously.

MRS.BERESFORD

No.

CATHERINE

It's a woman, it isn't a lad. Our
Clare said it looks like Miss
Wealand. Your new TA.

(MRS.BERESFORD looks at it
again)

That's someone. In the toy shop. In
Hebden. Buying *exactly* the same toy
that was left on our doorstep. Two
weeks ago - "from dad". Now.
Obviously. She might have been
buying it for some - completely
other reason. But. It's a bit of a
coincidence, isn't it?

MRS.BERESFORD

Has Ryan said it's her that's - ?

CATHERINE

No. It's delicate. I can't talk to
him about it. He gets angry with
me. You see this is how *insidious*
it is. *I'm* the baddie.

MRS.BERESFORD

Look. I'm not saying you're wrong.
Catherine. But Miss Wealand is a
very kind, caring, lovely woman,
she came to us with an excellent CV
-

CATHERINE

I'm sure she is, I'm sure that's
how she operates. Her and every
other deluded nut-case who's ever
groomed a kiddie.

MRS.BERESFORD

Groomed?

CATHERINE

It's what it is. If every time they have a one-to-one reading session she's encouraging him to think about his "dad" in some misguided, sentimental way, well then [yes] -

MRS.BERESFORD

Yes, but - hang on, look - we don't know that that *is* what's happening. Why would *anyone* do that?

CATHERINE

People are weird, people are mad, and they don't always have it tattooed on their forehead.

MRS.BERESFORD

All the staff in this school are *fully* aware -

CATHERINE

Does she work part time?

MRS.BERESFORD

Yes, Mondays, Tuesday and Wednesdays.

CATHERINE

What does she do on her days off?

MRS.BERESFORD

I've - I don't know.

CATHERINE

Where does she live?

MRS.BERESFORD

Catherine.

CATHERINE

Does she talk about her private life?

MRS.BERESFORD

Not to me.

CATHERINE

You see when that present appeared on our doorstep, and we saw that card, my first thought is - this is someone who visits him in prison, -

MRS.BERESFORD

I can't believe she visits *anyone* in prison.

CATHERINE

- this is someone he's manipulated
and -

MRS.BERESFORD

Let me introduce you to her! Come
and meet her, please, come and see
for yourself. Honestly, Catherine,
I think you'll be very pleasantly
[surprised] -

CATHERINE

No. No. No no. We'll know soon
enough if it's her, the DIU are
investigating everyone he has any
contact with. In the mean time if
you could find someone else to read
with him. I'd be very grateful.
Because every second - if it is
her, and maybe it isn't, but -
every second he spends with her,
she - it would appear - is
encouraging him to think of this
man as a father. This psychopath,
this man who's done nothing but
destroy people's lives. This man
who threw petrol over him eighteen
months ago. Someone here - for
whatever reason - is encouraging
him to think that he is basically
an okay guy, and that I am an angry
nasty bitch for doing my damnedest
to protect him from him.

MRS.BERESFORD

Okay -

CATHERINE

I can't talk to her, I can't get
involved, I've got to let the DIU
deal with it, but I need you to be
aware.

MRS.BERESFORD

Right. Okay. Well - I have to be
frank, I'll be amazed, but - I'll
watch her like a hawk. I'll watch
both of them like a hawk. And today
I will read with him.

Wound up as she is, CATHERINE feels that she can trust
MRS.BERESFORD.

CUT TO:

6

INT/EXT. ST MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL/STREET. DAY 16. 08.50

6

CATHERINE leaves the building. FRANCES is just arriving, just stepping in through the front door, just as CATHERINE's stepping out of it. The second they clock one another CATHERINE knows it's her, and even though they've never met properly, FRANCES knows this is CATHERINE from the back street the other day. They walk past each other. It's electric: every fibre in CATHERINE's body wants to slam her up against the wall and say, *"What the hell do you think you're up to?"*. We look deep into both their faces and their private thoughts as they walk further away from one another.

TITLES

CUT TO:

7

EXT. HILLS, PATROL CAR. DAY 16. 09.20

7

A patrol car drives up Wainstalls and over to Illingworth.

CATHERINE

(oov, on her phone to
CLARE)

You were the one that didn't want
me to go in all guns blazing!

CLARE

(oov)

So you didn't speak to her at all?

CUT TO:

8

INT/EXT. PATROL CAR. DAY 16. 09.21

8

Inside the car CATHERINE's driving. SHAF's intrigued by the animated conversation CATHERINE's having with her sister.

CATHERINE

No. I can't! I've got no power to
do anything to her 'til we know
something from intelligence. I saw
her though. I think it was her.
Little. Mousey. Just as I was going
out the door.

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

9

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 16. 09.22

9

CLARE's preparing for another day at the allotment.

CLARE

(worried)

Well if you're confident, leaving
him there.

CATHERINE

You pop in if you're bothered.

(then to SHAF)

Let's look in on Daryl and Alison
Garrs if we're driving past. We
might get a decent cup o' tea
before the community meeting
starts.

SHAF

Yeah, if they're speaking to us.

CLARE

Hello?

CATHERINE

(back to CLARE)

I'm starting to wonder - if it is
her - that maybe she's just soft.
Naive. Wet. Misguided. She didn't
look like she could knock the skin
off a rice pudding.

CLARE

Yeah. But. Poison comes in little
bottles. As you say.

CATHERINE

(ignoring that,
interrupting)And surely - surely - it's too mad,
it'd be too much of a coincidence
if she really was visiting that
bastard in Gravesend.

CLARE

Yeah.

CATHERINE

Surely.

CLARE

Yeah.

CATHERINE

Surely.

But neither of them seem 100% convinced.

CLARE

Yeah.

CUT TO:

10

INT. ST MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL, CLASSROOM. DAY 16. 09.30

10

FRANCES is in a class room full of children. There's a TEACHER conducting the class, and FRANCES is helping a child with the work. MRS.BERESFORD comes into the room, and says quietly to FRANCES -

MRS.BERESFORD

Senco's asked me to gather some pupil feed-back from the one-to-one students in year six, so I'm going to work with them myself today.

FRANCES nods and smiles acknowledgement. We linger on FRANCES and her thoughts as MRS.BERESFORD walks away. If she hadn't seen CATHERINE this morning she'd think nothing of it, but of course she did see her.

CUT TO:

11

EXT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM. DAY 16. 09.35

11

The patrol car pulls into the yard. CATHERINE's no longer on the phone.

SHAF

Y'all right?

CATHERINE

Yeah.

SHAF

You sure?

(she gives him a look: yes
she's sure)

You do know we're not gonna get a
cup o' tea, don't you?

CATHERINE

Yeah, well.

(they nudge their car
doors open and step out)

I want Alison to be clear that I am
still dealing wi' them scrotes.

Despite Daryl's sophisticated
delicate efforts to take the law
into his own hands.

SHAF spots something.

SHAF

Sarg.

He nods across the yard. CATHERINE turns and looks. We see the damaged red Peugeot.

CATHERINE

Was it like that when you arrested him?

SHAF

I dunno. I can't remember. I've an idea it was parked the other way round.

They find the farmhouse door slightly open. CATHERINE knocks. They loiter.

SHAF (CONT'D)

So...

(at the risk of getting his head bitten off for being nosy)

Who's visiting that bastard in Gravesend? Then?

CATHERINE considers giving him a proper response. But she knows it'll wind her up if she starts again.

CATHERINE

That's what I love about you. Mr. Shah. You're a proper, consummate nosy bastard.

*

SHAF

(he smiles like she just gave him the best compliment ever. Which it kind of is for a copper)

Thank you.

Given that the door's open, CATHERINE ventures to push it further open and have a nosy round inside...

CATHERINE

Hello? Alison? Daryl?

SHAF

(as he follows her in)
I'm only asking cos I care about you.

CUT TO:

12

INT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM, KITCHEN/DINING ROOM. DAY 16. 12
09.36

CATHERINE and SHAF don't have to step too far into the room to see that something catastrophic has gone on in here. CATHERINE takes in the salient details quickly: DARYL's slumped forward on the table, face down. It's absolutely clear that he's dead: most of his head's missing. The table is covered in blood and brains. The splatter is everywhere;

up the walls, across the ceiling, even on the back of the door where CATHERINE and SHAF have just come in. ALISON is also slumped at the table, and in front of her a vodka bottle (empty), a whisky bottle (empty), a glass (empty) and a couple of packs of Diazepam, with all the pills gone from the 30 x blister packs. The shot gun is abandoned on the sink.

Just then ALISON - who could easily be dead judging by her stillness - makes some kind of odd gurgling noise like she's going to be sick. CATHERINE instantly clicks into action. She goes and feels for a pulse in ALISON's neck.

CATHERINE

Alison? Alison? Can you hear me?

Alison, it's Catherine Cawood.

Sergeant Cawood.

(ALISON is barely conscious and seems unaware of the situation she's in. Her face is streaked with tears, her eyes blood shot)

Alison, listen love, listen to me -

(CATHERINE holds her hand)

- I want you to squeeze my hand if you can hear me.

(nothing. CATHERINE turns to SHAF)

Check upstairs. See if there's anyone else, anyone injured. Be careful!

(SHAF gets his baton out and heads off. We hear him head up the stairs.

CATHERINE gets on her radio and talks as measuredly as she can -)

Bravo November four-five. Urgent assistance required. Far Sunderland Farm up Wainstalls, on Cold Edge Road. I need an ambulance, there's a forty-something woman - Alison Garrs - suspected overdose.

Diazepam, not sure how many, and it looks like she's washed 'em down with vodka and whisky. Her pulse is weak, she's conscious and breathing. Alison? Alison. There's also a male. I'm fairly certain it's her son, Daryl Garrs. Fatal shotgun injury to the back of his head. Possible weapon at the scene. I need F-Sup here to prove. I need the on-call D.I., I need the duty S.I.O., I need a C.S.I., I need any available troops to come and secure the scene.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

God knows what's happened, but...
(she's seen all sorts has
CATHERINE, but never
quite this. Her eyes land
on the shot gun again at
the sink)
it's carnage.

RADIO

(oov)

I've got all that for the log,
Sarg. Is there anything else I can
help you with?

CATHERINE

I'll keep you posted. Alison? Who's
done this, Alison? Who's done this
to Daryl? Alison? Alison?

ALISON seems to vaguely understand what CATHERINE's trying to do. Then she sees DARYL and things flood back into her brain -

ALISON

Oh - !

And she becomes tearful, can't cope with the terrible thoughts inside her head, needs to get out of the room, but her body's not functioning properly.

CATHERINE

Alison?

(it's clear ALISON wants
to leave the room, even
though she can't
articulate it, and can
barely walk)

Come on, that's all right, you put
your arm round me, come on.

SHAF comes back in from upstairs.

SHAF

Upstairs is clear!

CATHERINE

Let's get her out of this.

SHAF

I thought you weren't supposed to
move [people] -

CATHERINE

Just - !

- fucking get on with it.

SHAF

I don't [know] - where shall I get hold of her?

CATHERINE

(struggling)

Man up, Princess. Use your initiative.

(on her radio again)

Bravo November four-five. Could somebody let Councillor Clegg know there'll be two less for tea and biscuits at the community meeting in Illingworth at ten o'clock.

Between them CATHERINE and SHAF manage to get groaning, tearful, helpless ALISON outside...

CUT TO:

13

EXT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM. DAY 16. 09.37

13

RADIO

(oov)

Will do, four-five, and to confirm, you've got an ambulance on it's way to you now from Keighley. ETA sixteen minutes.

CATHERINE

Keighley?

RADIO

(oov)

They're all tied up in Halifax.

ALISON collapses once they're outside, but CATHERINE still has hold of her so she doesn't flop over and injure herself.

CATHERINE

(to SHAF)

Get your mobile out, dial 999.

(He does, and we hear -
emergency, which service
please?)

Alison!

(she looks like she's
losing consciousness)

I need a paramedic talking to me,
I need to know what the latest is
with an overdose.

SHAF

Hello there, it's Constable Shafiq Shah here, collar number 9242, I've got a lady here, she's taken -

Realises he doesn't know.

CATHERINE
Diazepam, whisky, vodka.

SHAF
Diazepam, whisky, vodka. We need advice, ambulance is going to be sixteen minutes.

CATHERINE
Stay with us, Alison! Come on love,
you're not gonna fall asleep on me,
I need you awake.

When ALISON talks it's like she doesn't quite know what she's talking about, she's so far out of it.

ALISON
I don't know, nobody.

*

CATHERINE
Who was here? Did you see what
happened? Alison. Who was here?

ALISON
Nobody. Nobody was here..

CATHERINE doesn't get it, but ALISON's speech and thoughts are so blurred she simply dismisses it as ALISON not being coherent.

SHAF
(repeating info word for
word as he's hearing it
at the other of the
phone)
Right, you don't walk her round.
You need to induce her to vomit -
(to the phone)
yeah, then what?
(he listen)
Then you - then clear the air waves
- and you put her in the recovery
position.

CATHERINE
Okay...

(she gets a SOCO glove out
of her pocket and pulls
it on - whilst still
keeping ALISON from
keeling over)
(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Tell you what, you go back inside.
Get some water, no - milk - and a
blanket! And try not to...
(she knows it's daft, but)
Tread on anything. Like the floor.
Any more than y'ave to.

SHAF heads back inside.

RADIO

(OOV)

The request's gone in to F-Sup,
four-five. CID've been informed and
they're on the way. I've also put
the request in for a CSI. Is there
anything else I can help you with?

CATHERINE

What's the best way to make someone
sick?

RADIO

(OOV)

Stick your fingers down their
throat?

CATHERINE

Yeah, and get my hand bitten off?
(that's happening)
Okay, Alison. Listen to me. I need
you to be sick.

ALISON

No no no no.

CATHERINE

No. Alison. Listen. I know it's not
pleasant -

ALISON

I'm just - I'm going to lie down.

CATHERINE

You can lie down, but I just need
you to be sick first.

ALISON

No.

CATHERINE

Can you stick your fingers down
your throat for me?

ALISON

No.

CATHERINE

You're not lying down 'til you've been sick, I can't let you go to sleep until you've been sick.
Alison.

ALISON

Shhh. It's fine. It's fine.

CATHERINE

Alison! Stay awake. Alison! Who shot Daryl?

(ALISON wants to answer, but she's struggling; she shakes her head)

Alison?

ALISON

I shot Daryl.

CATHERINE

You...? You shot...? You...?

ALISON

Mm.

CATHERINE

You shot Daryl? You [shot]...? You shot your own [son] - ? Why? Alison, why would you do that?

Suddenly ALISON honks up spontaneously. As CATHERINE clings onto her to steady her, she happens to look up and notice the red Peugeot again. And there of course CATHERINE has her answer: that's why she shot DARYL, the red Peugeot says it all. It's a huge little moment. She allows ALISON to recover from being sick, but then of course ALISON just wants to keel over and sink into unconsciousness on the ground. CATHERINE lets her, but keeps hold of her hand. She gets back on the radio.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Bravo November four-five. Could you contact Mr. Shepherd or D.I. Shackleton at Norland Road and tell them there's a vehicle here that could be involved in Operation Syracuse. A Peugeot 205. It's red, it's damaged.

RADIO

(ooe)

Will do, four-five.

CATHERINE

Alison. Did you really? Alison? 'Cos if you did... I'm going to have to caution you. Alison?

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(this has to be the most
half-hearted arrest
CATHERINE's ever made;
she might not even be
sure she's doing the
right thing, she's still
holding ALISON's hand -)

I'm - okay - I'm arresting you. Do
you understand?

(no response)

I'm arresting you on suspicion of
murder. Alison? You do not have to
say anything. But it may harm your
defence... if you do not mention
when questioned... something which
you later rely on in court.
Anything you do say may be given in
evidence.

ALISON

(she nods)

I don't feel so good.

She's gone horribly pale. CATHERINE takes her big jacket off
and wraps it round ALISON. ALISON suddenly has a terrible
agonising cramp in her stomach: she winces and groans. It's
like a woman in child birth having a contraction.

CUT TO:

14 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT OFFICE. DAY 16. 14
09.50

JOHN's busy at his desk. He can see ANDY and JODIE having a
lively debate in ANDY's office. ANDY looks relieved and
excited, like he's just had good/interesting news. They both
leave the office. ANDY heads out (he collects another
detective on his way: it'll be to ask them to come and do
exhibits at the scene), and JODIE heads back to her desk near
JOHN.

JOHN

What's - ? Has there been a
development?

JODIE

(she nods: a big one)

A woman. Up Wainstalls. Has shot
her own son. In the back of the
head.

JOHN

By accident?

JODIE

No. She's taken an over dose,
pissed out of her skull. And.

(MORE)

JODIE (CONT'D)

Apparently. The reason she did it -
she's just told Catherine Cawood -
is because the son told her about
"what he did to those women".

JOHN takes it in. Of all the questions that might flood into his head right now, the uppermost is -

JOHN

Is he dead?

JODIE

Well dead. By the sound of things.

JOHN's daring to hope that he's got away with it. Again.

JOHN

Jesus.

JODIE

I know.

JOHN

Y'going over there?

JODIE

No. He is.

(meaning ANDY)

I need everyone in the briefing room. Apparently - she also said - "he didn't do that Vicky Fleming one".

(we linger on JOHN as
JODIE shouts to the rest
of the crew)

Can I have everyone in the briefing room, please? Folks. Thank you.

(then back to JOHN)

And. He told his mother he wouldn't have "had to do that last one" if people hadn't "kept thinking he'd done that Vicky Fleming one".

(still on JOHN as that
sinks in)

We need to reassess everything we've got on Vicky Fleming. We need to find this mysterious boyfriend that one of her colleagues at work mentioned. The one we thought Vicky must have been making up.

We linger on JOHN as he gets his notebook from his desk and follows JODIE and the others through to the briefing room.

CUT TO:

15 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, LOCKER ROOM. DAY 16. 15
13.30

Several hours later.

CATHERINE puts on clean kit from her locker (she'll have had to bag her clothes up at the scene for forensics). MIKE's passing, puts his head in.

MIKE

How's it going up there?

CATHERINE

Oh, like Piccadilly Circus by the time I left. More detectives than prime time TV. I think they'll be there a while.

MIKE

Are you okay?

No. On so many levels.

CATHERINE

She shot her own child. In the back of the head.

MIKE

Are you still seeing that therapist?

CATHERINE

Yes.

(she realises that sounded a bit rude, so she says it more calmly by way of an apology)

Yeah.

MIKE

I've got some intel for you. Tommy Lee Royce's Scottish visitor. Is a woman called Frances Drummond.

(that means nothing to
CATHERINE)

Forty-five years old, she's a pharmacist from Linlithgow. Well, she was until very recently.

(still nothing)

They've sent a photo. And I'm wondering if it is that woman in that CCTV from the toy shop.

CUT TO:

16

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, MIKE'S OFFICE. DAY 16. 16
13.32

Two minutes later. CATHERINE and MIKE looking at an image (on MIKE's computer) of the woman CATHERINE knows as Miss Wealand, taken - presumably - as she's passed through security in Gravesend when she's visited TOMMY. CATHERINE's heart's pounding: the effect anything to do with TOMMY LEE ROYCE has on her.

CATHERINE

So if that's Frances Drummond...
who's 'Miss Wealand' then?

MIKE

Well... she's invented her. Hasn't
she.

CATHERINE's not so sure Frances has invented her.

CATHERINE

Mrs. Beresford told me this morning
"she came to us with an excellent
CV". Mrs. Beresford isn't somebody
who wouldn't check out references.

CUT TO:

17

EXT. ALLOTMENT. DAY 16. 13.35

17

CLARE's having a fag. She was digging. Now she's relaxing in the sun on an elderly plastic chair. Her mobile goes off. Klaxon. It makes her spill her tea.

CLARE

Shit. Hello?

CUT TO:

18

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CATHERINE'S OFFICE.
DAY 16. 13.36

18

CATHERINE's busy at her computer, having accessed info about CECILY WEALAND.

CATHERINE

You're not gonna believe this, it's
mental. *She's* mental.

CLARE

Who's mental?

CATHERINE

Well, *not* Miss Wealand, because Miss Wealand, Cecily Wealand - a qualified teaching assistant from Linlithgow - is dead.

CLARE

What?

CATHERINE

Dead and had her identity stolen.

CLARE

So wh[o's] - ? Is she? So who's who's who's...?

CATHERINE

She is called Frances Drummond. Also from Linlithgow. A pharmacist. God knows, don't ask. And she visits Tommy Lee Royce in Gravesend and now lives in Hebden, as Cecily Wealand.

CLARE

(realising she looks like
she just wet herself from
this tea spillage)

Shit. [Fucking] shit.

CATHERINE

I know.

CLARE

No, I [mean] - d'you want me to get round to t'school?

CATHERINE

No. No no no. I'm just waiting for some intel from East Lothian. They're talking to Cecily Wealand's partner. Well, widower. I need a copy of the death certificate, and then CID'll go in to arrest her for fraud.

CLARE

Wow. Fraud?

CATHERINE

Yeah. Fraud by false representation. We'll have to deal with whatever the hell she thinks she's been doing regarding our Ryan after we've dealt with that.

CLARE

So she's - ? Hang on, she's she's
she's - ?

CATHERINE

She's targeted him. It's properly
creepy, she's obtained a job she's
not qualified for, she's stolen a
dead woman's identity *specifically*
because this woman had the right
kind of qualifications to allow her
to get close to Ryan so she could
fill his head with *pap* about Tommy
Lee Royce. Who she - Frances
Drummond - visits. In Gravesend.

(CATHERINE's land line
rings)

Phone, I've gotta go, bye, bye,
b'bye.

(she hangs up on bemused
CLARE and answers her
land line at the same
time)

Hello?

("Is that Sergeant
Cawood?")

Yes, it is.

CUT TO:

19 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, MIKE'S OFFICE. DAY 16. 19
13.46

Ten minutes later. CATHERINE's back with MIKE.

CATHERINE

So Cecily Wealand. Was her sister.
Forty-eight years old, she had a
stroke nine months ago. Her
partner, her husband, thinks when
she died - he was in pieces, and
Frances helped with a lot of
practical stuff - and he *thinks*
that's when she might have got her
hands on various bits of personal
documentation.

MIKE

Right -

(picks his phone up and
prods in an extension
number)

- let's send 'em in to make the
arrest. Have you got a number for
this Mrs. Beresford? I'll ring her
and warn her they're coming.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

(CATHERINE scrolls through
her contacts on her
phone)

Then I'll get onto the prison
liaison officer. They need to let
Gravesend know he's been grooming
this woman. Sad. Isn't it? No
criminal record. She's held down a
perfectly respectable job for
upward of fifteen years. Then -
(clicks his fingers)

she does this mad thing. And for
what? Forty-five minutes once a
fortnight with a psychopath.

(to the phone)

Yes! Hello. It's Mike Taylor.

CUT TO:

20

OMITTED

20

21

EXT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM. DAY 16. 14.01

21

There are two UNIFORMS at the outer cordon (SHAF's one of them). Two CSI vans are parked up, with the back doors open. CSI officers come and go between the house and their vans with their silver boxes. A firearms car (BMW estate) is also parked up, and two FIREARMS officers are just leaving the house and heading off, having proved the shot gun. There's also a private ambulance here waiting to take DARYL's body away. ANDY's CID car is parked up too. DARYL's damaged Peugeot 205 (now covered in thick plastic sheeting) is being lowered onto the back of a truck to be taken away for forensic analysis. There is also a POLSA vehicle here.

We discover ANDY in his SOCO suit. He's on his mobile to JODIE.

ANDY

I've got polsa team pulling the
place apart. There's all sorts in
his bedroom and chances are
there'll be stuff he's hidden as
well. I think...

(he doesn't want push his
luck after the cock up
with SEAN BALMFORTH)

...dare I say it. I'll be surprised
if this isn't him.

JODIE

(ooV)

Have y'had time to think through a
media strategy?

Cutting as and when with:

CUT TO:

22 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT OFFICE. DAY 16. 22
14.02

JODIE's at her desk with her phone to her ear and a pen in her hand ready to take notes. She's right opposite JOHN, who - along with the rest of the team - has been allocated new tasks in the light of this latest development.

ANDY

Yeah, the minute we're in a position to break the news -
(interrupting himself)
did you fast track that DNA swab they took last week?

JODIE

I did, yeah.

ANDY

Good. Yeah, the minute we're in a position to break the news, I want images of Vicky Fleming out there. Big time. On every news channel. I want the date her flat was burnt out seared into people's brains. I want people thinking back to that night, what they were doing that night. We just didn't get that message out there big enough last time, somebody must have seen her. Somebody must have seen or heard something.

JODIE

(she's writing all this down)

Yep. Yep.

ANDY

They must have. Because if they didn't... God knows. You know -
(he goes all thoughtful)
whoever burnt that flat out knew exactly what they were doing. As regards destroying evidence. And whoever mutilated her body knew what this lad was doing to these other women.

A moment of silence: it's a creepy thought that it could be someone close to them.

JODIE

I know.

ANDY

I'm looking at who's here...
(he sees the SOCO people
coming and going, people
who are all familiar to
him)

...all doing their jobs. And I'm
thinking about everybody there,
everybody on the team, my team, in
the office. Might not be a man!
Which one of 'em would do that?
Which one of 'em'd be capable of
it?

JODIE thinks, glances around the office at one or two of her colleagues. But it's like an impossible question. No-one her eyes land on has 'killer' written on their forehead.

JODIE

Well there are other explanations.

ANDY

Yes. But. Address the question.

JODIE

Well. Your first instinct is
'nobody'. Nobody's capable of that.
But then... the truth is anybody's
capable of anything. In the right
circumstances.

Let's glimpse JOHN hearing what JODIE's saying.

ANDY

So who then?

JODIE looks worried.

JODIE

I've gone all creepy now! You're
making me think like maybe I've
done it.

JOHN feels tingly with panic. He can guess what they're talking about even though he can only hear her side of it.

ANDY

I know. It's that mad. Isn't it? So
come on. Who.

(JODIE can't imagine: she
looks across at JOHN and
shakes her head)

Why would I do it?

JODIE

You?

ANDY

Let's start with me. In what circumstances might *I* end up doing that? I haven't, by the way. Although *I* would say that.

JODIE

Well. You'd do it... if you wanted to get rid of someone and disguise it. Somebody... who'd upset you. Obviously. The way she was strangled it was...

(unpleasant, is the implication from JODIE's expression)

Well it wasn't an accident, was it?

Again it's JOHN we're looking at. Reluctantly, ANDY says what's on his mind -

ANDY

Vicky Fleming had John Wadsworth's number on her mobile.

(a shiver goes up JODIE's spine as she hears this: she's standing dead opposite him)

He accounted for it. He did an investigation at the building society three years ago when he was with the economic crime unit, and it isn't even like the number was ever used.

Silence. JODIE can't say anything: she's right next to JOHN, she has to concentrate *not* to glance his way.

JODIE

Well that's -

ANDY

But people use secret shagging phones, don't they? That they could destroy. In a fire. And the thing is. His marriage's been a bit shit lately.

JODIE gives it a second of serious, but her instinct is to dismiss it with a bit of a snigger -

JODIE

Oh well better arrest him then. Eh?
Boss.

But she doesn't look at JOHN as she says that. It's too big to dismiss completely. We glimpse JOHN wondering who the hell she's talking about.

ANDY

I know. I've known the man twenty-three years, you feel like washing your mouth out, don't you?

(a moment)

But it's *someone*.

JODIE

Have you passed that on to the review team?

ANDY

Oh, everything gets passed on to the review team.

On JODIE. On JOHN.

CUT TO:

23

INT. ST MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL, CORRIDOR. DAY 16. 14.10

23

MRS.BERESFORD heads back to her office with FRANCES, who she's collected from a lesson. MRS.BERESFORD keeps a couple of paces ahead of FRANCES, to avoid being asked any tricky questions about why she wants to see her in her office. They reach MRS.BERESFORD's office, where the door is slightly open.

MRS.BERESFORD

After you.

FRANCES heads into the office...

CUT TO:

24

INT. ST MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL, MRS.BERESFORD'S OFFICE. DAY 16. 14.11

24

...where she finds two men. Detectives. MRS.BERESFORD comes in behind FRANCES and closes the door.

MRS.BERESFORD

These two gentlemen need to talk to you. This -
(she tries to resist putting the name in inverted commas)
is Miss Wealand.

DETECTIVE

Frances Elizabeth Drummond.

FRANCES

Sorry?

DETECTIVE

(he shows his warrant)

I'm arresting you on suspicion of fraud by false representation, contrary to section 2 of the Fraud Act 2006. You do not have to say anything. But it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

(if FRANCES feels embarrassed, she fights it)

Have you got a mobile phone?

FRANCES turns to MRS.BERESFORD and says -

FRANCES

Ryan Cawood needs to talk about his father. He needs someone who will listen to him.

MRS.BERESFORD is deeply angry, but she's dignified enough not to make an exhibition of it.

MRS.BERESFORD

You've been here under false pretences.

FRANCES

Think about Ryan.

MRS.BERESFORD

I have to explain that to the parents and to the governors and to the children.

FRANCES

Think about Ryan.

MRS.BERESFORD (CONT'D)

They liked you.

DETECTIVE

Have you got a mobile phone?

FRANCES

In my handbag.

DETECTIVE

And a coat?

FRANCES

Staff room.

MRS.BERESFORD
D'you want me to - ?

DETECTIVE
Would you mind?

The second DETECTIVE goes with MRS.BERESFORD and we linger on FRANCES, terrified but determined: she's on the wrong side of the law, but she absolutely believes in what she's done.

CUT TO:

25 INT/EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, BACKYARD/KITCHEN/CONSERVATORY. 25
DAY 16. 17.30

Early evening. RYAN's booting his football about in the back yard. Free, unfettered, entirely oblivious to the drama that's unfolded around him all day. CATHERINE's sitting on the door step watching him, nursing a cup of tea. CLARE's propping up the doorway into the kitchen. (So they're watching RYAN, but they can talk without him hearing them because the conversation's inside the conservatory). CATHERINE's still in half uniform.

CLARE
So what'll happen?

CATHERINE
They'll charge her. And then
they'll bail her.

CLARE
And then what?

CATHERINE
And then -
(checks her watch)
somebody might need to pop round to
her house on Upper Brunswick Street
and have a quiet word with her
about taking the high road back to
Linlithgow.

CLARE
And will that be you?

Yes. Is the answer. But CATHERINE can't say that. Because if she did pop round it would be illegal. Well, dodgy, anyway.

CATHERINE
Well I wouldn't want her to break
her bail conditions. She won't be
allowed within five hundred yards
of Ryan and or members of his
family. So. You know me, I wouldn't
want to compromise her.

A moment.

CLARE

Ey, you'll not credit. I looked in on Winnie. She's only gone and got Ilinka a job.

CATHERINE

How?

CLARE

Cleaning at White Lion.

CATHERINE

How?

CLARE

Gordon popped in. Four doors down. And he knows Tanya - I think he's her uncle - she t'manager. So Ilinka went round there with him and Bob's your uncle. I said - "Can you get me a job, Winnie?"

CATHERINE

So...? What? Is she stopping?
Ilinka.

CLARE

I know, that's what I said. And Winnie goes, "Well, we've got the alarm now, haven't we? And I have asked Catherine not to bother sleeping in that conservatory any more".

(CATHERINE heaves a sigh:
she'll never be
comfortable *not* sleeping
in the conservatory)

Y'all right?

CATHERINE

Just... odd day.

(she's quiet)

Wi' that there this morning. Shot her own kid's head off.

(she makes a weak little shooting gesture and a comedy 'pop' noise. Not that it's funny. Far from it)

Your own kid. What does it take to do that? Eh?

(a moment)

I mean - obviously - it takes finding out you've given birth to a serial nutter. But then - after she'd explained that - she goes, "Only he never did that fourth one, that Vicky Fleming.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

He wanted people to know that
wasn't him". Like... "Oh. Okay,
that's all right then. As long as
he didn't do *that* one".

(she makes a gesture,
like, "What the fuck?")

I'm not normally fast for words.
But...

She shakes her head and drifts off into the same
speechlessness she experienced this morning.

CLARE

So.... who did?

CATHERINE

Well. That's the sixty-four million
dollar question. Now. Isn't it.

(she heads inside the
kitchen)

I'll start cooking some tea.

On CLARE. Thinking about NEIL. And how his little bit of
information about VICKY FLEMING really might be very
pertinent now.

CUT TO:

26

EXT. UPPER BRUNSWICK STREET. NIGHT 16. 20.00

26

A taxi pulls up outside one of the houses, and FRANCES steps out. We realise we're seeing it from CATHERINE'S pov; she's parked further down the street in her Ford. The taxi pulls away and FRANCES lets herself into one of the houses.

CATHERINE (now dressed in civvies) waits until FRANCES is inside, then gets out of the car, heads along the street and knocks on the door. A few moments pass, and then the door opens. FRANCES and CATHERINE are face to face. FRANCES tries to shut the door, she's clearly terrified, but CATHERINE stops her, by keeping her hand/arm firmly pressed on the open door.

CATHERINE

Frances I'm not here as a police
officer, I'm here as Ryan's
grandmother. I want to sort this
out. I want to understand you, and
I want you to understand me. I know
you've never had a criminal record.
I know you've held down a very
responsible, perfectly respectable
job for the last fifteen years. I
want to understand why you've done
what you've done, I want to know
what you want. And I want you to
know things about me.

(she lets that sink in.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Along with her sincerity
and lack of threat. She
takes her arm off the
door)

Can I come in?

(FRANCES has to make a
decision. CATHERINE is
about twice as tall as
FRANCES, and how does she
know CATHERINE's not
going to talk her way in
and then slam her up
against the wall?)

Or we can go down the road and get
a cup of tea somewhere if that's -
if you'd prefer.

Something in CATHERINE's manner is convincing. And FRANCES
has things she'd like to say to CATHERINE. After further
consideration, FRANCES lets CATHERINE in.

CUT TO:

27

INT. FRANCES'S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM. NIGHT 16. 20.01

27

CATHERINE saunters into the sitting room. She's at pains not
to appear at all aggressive or bullish. She wants FRANCES to
trust her, and to hear what she has to say. FRANCES follows
her in. The room's sparse. CATHERINE takes in details; a
crucifix, a single cuddly toy, the picture of Jesus. The
pictures of Tommy and Ryan have gone.

FRANCES

Your people came here. They took
things.

CATHERINE

You've had a long day. Probably
quite an unpleasant one. I won't
take up any more of your time than
I need to.

FRANCES

Okay.

CATHERINE

What I think. You see. Is that
you're not a bad person. Far from
it. And that you believe what
you've done, you've done for the
best.

FRANCES

Ryan should have a relationship
with his father. However difficult
things are.

CATHERINE

Look. I realise. That everything you know about this. Us. You've been told by -

(she struggles to say the name and keep an objective expression on her face)

him. Tommy Lee Royce. And I -
(she's anxious not to be at all intimidating)

- d'you mind if I sit down?

(FRANCES makes a 'make yourself at home' gesture)

And I realise that you are in a...
(desperately trying to avoid sounding sarcastic)

Relationship. Of some sort. With him.

FRANCES touches her engagement ring.

FRANCES

We're getting married.

"Wow. You're fucking mad", we can see the thought flash across CATHERINE's eyes. But she stays calm, gets through the moment.

CATHERINE

Okay, look. I know you're probably not going to accept a lot of the things I'm going to tell you. Right now. But obviously I have a very different perspective on it all. To him. And I want you to hear it. Whether you accept it or not. Okay?

(FRANCES doesn't object)

He's a sex offender. He raped my daughter.

FRANCES

He was very fond of your daughter.

CATHERINE

No. No. He took advantage of her. Brutally. Brutally. And then after Ryan was born, [she]... she took her own life.

She never gets used to saying it. If you try and say it casually it hurts even more.

FRANCES

That was nothing to do with him. He was in prison by then.

CATHERINE

It had everything to do with him. She was traumatized. We are going to have different versions of the same story, but please credit me with [some]... I was *there*. When she gave birth. And after. I know what she went through.

FRANCES

You deprived him of having a relationship with his child. You never even let him know he'd been born.

CATHERINE has to take a moment to remind herself not to over react.

CATHERINE

Tommy Lee Royce is a psychopath. He's a murderer and he's a sex offender. And you must know - you must realise - that *I* think. That you. Have allowed yourself to be deluded by this dangerous man because you're infatuated with him. You might not want to believe that he raped my daughter, but you do know - you *do* know - that he raped Ann Gallagher, and that he murdered Kirsten McAskill - in the most hideous manner - *and* Lewis Whippey, *and* Brett McKendrick. And he tried to murder [me] -

FRANCES

(interrupts)

Lewis Whippey was the one who raped Ann Gallagher. And he was the one who murdered Kirsten McAskill. Not Tommy.

CATHERINE's really having to keep a lid on her feelings here.

CATHERINE

That's not what the court decided. On very solid forensic evidence, the [court decided] -

FRANCES

(interrupting)

Tommy did kill Lewis Whippey and Brett McKendrick but *only* in self defence. He attacked you only in self defence.

CATHERINE has to take another moment there.

CATHERINE

So obviously that's his version, and clearly that's what you're choosing to believe right now. Which worries me, Frances, because it makes you - a woman who all your life appears to have been law-abiding, logical, kind, normal - it makes you seem a little bit... unhinged. And certainly misguided. If that's what you're prepared to believe.

FRANCES

Do you want to know what I believe? I believe that no-one is born evil. He may have done things, I know he's done things, and yes, he will inevitably have put his own slant on it all and made it seem not as bad as it might really have been. But we all do that, we're all human. *But*. He isn't evil. He's a product of his childhood, and he had an awful childhood. But he *isn't intrinsically evil*. We condemn the sin, not the sinner. With help - and kindness - I believe he will become the person he was always capable of being. Good and kind and gentle and thoughtful. That's what I see. When I visit him. When I look into his eyes. I see no evil. Not a trace of it. Surely it would benefit him and Ryan. If they could have a *good* relationship.

CATHERINE thinks carefully about her next move.

CATHERINE

Frances. You're old enough to be his mother. I think you are actually older than his mother was when she died. Does that not...? Ring any alarm bells? Does it not worry you?

FRANCES

Why should it?

CATHERINE

He's using you. He's used you. To get close to Ryan. He's groomed you. You've been groomed. You've been picked, you've been chosen, for what he can get out of you.

FRANCES shakes her head: CATHERINE is so wrong.

FRANCES

He could be very fond of Ryan. If you'd let him.

CATHERINE

No. Frances. You can't... begin to imagine how many levels that will never happen on.

FRANCES

Why are you so angry? So negative.

CATHERINE

I'm not. I try not to be. It's you. That's deluded about this *dangerous* man. Because he's pretty.

FRANCES

(realising)

You're jealous.

CATHERINE

No. Frances. I'm shocked, I'm disappointed. That a woman of your obvious intelligence. And ability. Can allow herself to be fooled by this... tell me this. If he looked like - I don't know - Ian Brady. Or Peter Sutcliffe. Or Jimmy Savile. Or some other twisted bastard. Would you believe a single word he said?

No course she fucking wouldn't, and we see that thought pass very clearly across her face.

FRANCES

But he doesn't. Look like them.

CATHERINE

On the inside... he looks exactly like them. And one day. Maybe not tomorrow, maybe not next week, but soon. The scales will fall away from your eyes. Because they always do. And you'll realise how foolish he's made you look. And how much damage he's inflicted on you. A nice, kind, normal person who this really shouldn't have happened to.

CUT TO:

28

INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM. NIGHT 16. 21.05

28

CLARE and NEIL are huddled up together on the settee sipping tea and watching the news.

We see footage of Far Sunderland Farm with all the emergency vehicles in attendance.

REPORTER

At seventeen minutes past four this afternoon the remains of the dead man were removed the farmhouse.

(we see footage [from a helicopter/drone] of people in SOCO suit stretchering a body bag out of the house)

A woman who also lives at the address remains under police protection at a hospital in Halifax. Speculation increased throughout the day that this was the killer police have been looking for in relation to the murders of five women in the area.

ANDY appears on screen, talking in the street outside Halifax nick.

ANDY

I'm not in a position - at this moment - to tell you any more about the body that was found at Far Sunderland Farm this morning.

However. I can tell you that at this time we are no longer looking for suspects in relation to the deaths of Ana Vasalescu, Aurelija Petrovic, Lynn Dewhurst and Elise May Hughes. We are, however, still appealing to the public for any information regarding the death of Victoria Fleming.

VICKY's image comes on screen. Happy, smiling VICKY, perhaps at a party with other people. NEIL has to almost catch his breath when he sees the picture of VICKY. Even a picture of her has an unpleasant effect on him as it brings terrible memories flooding back into his head. CLARE squeezes his hand tight.

ANDY (CONT'D)

We're asking people to think back to the evening and the night...

CUT TO:

29

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM. NIGHT 16. 21.06

29

AMANDA's watching the same news, with JACK, BEN and AMBER. (The kids might not all be watching it, one of them might be doing homework at the table).

ANDY

...of Thursday the 12th of September. Anyone who lives in Rippenden, or visits Rippenden. To check their diaries, check their calendars. And think about anything, anything suspicious they might have seen or heard. If anyone was out in Rippenden that evening - particularly anyone out into the small hours. On Thursday. The twelfth. Of September. We would be very keen to talk to them.

We look into AMANDA's eyes. She knows what she was doing that night. It was the night JOHN came home in the small hours and found her in bed with Graham. The kids, of course, are oblivious.

CUT TO:

30

EXT. CASH POINT, SUPERMARKET. NIGHT 16. 21.15

30

An empty supermarket car park. JOHN's car pulls up messily beside a cash point. He gets out. He looks wretched and panicky. He withdraws a big wodge of cash from the machine. £300.

He gets back into his car. He barely knows what to do with himself. Whether to make escape plans, or front the thing out. He's nearly in tears; he just manages to stop himself burst out crying in exasperation. He has a half bottle of whisky and takes a swig. He mumbles to himself "Why me?"

Then he says it louder -

JOHN

Why me?

(he starts shouting)

Why me?

(he becomes hysterical)

Why me?! What have I done?

(he's shouting at the sky through the ceiling of his car)

What've I done? You bastard! You bastard! You fucking bastard!

He hits the roof and repeats it again and again hysterically.

CUT TO:

30A EXT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE. NIGHT 16. 21.19

30A

CATHERINE's just locking her car. She heads for the house.

CUT TO:

31 INT. CATHERINE'S HOUSE, HALLWAY/KITCHEN. NIGHT 16. 21.20 31

CATHERINE lets herself in at the front door. She heads through to the kitchen, where she discovers CLARE and NEIL looking rather nervous and solemn, like they've been having a serious chat. The telly's still on in the next room where DANIEL and RYAN might be.

CATHERINE
Everything all right?

CLARE
Yeah. Just - Neil wanted to tell you something.

NEIL doesn't know if he's going to dare to spit it out until he actually says it.

NEIL
I knew Vicky Fleming.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 17. 07.50

32

A shiny new day in Sowerby Bridge.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, BACKYARD. DAY 17. 07.51

33

ANN and JODIE are in the back yard by the fire escape having a fag. They're practising who can blow the best smoke rings, like grown-ups.

JODIE
And. The thing is. Actually. When your dad's a high ranking officer, if anything, it's a nuisance.

(ANN's nodding in enthusiastic agreement; she has similar problems with her ridiculously powerful dad. She'd never have been kidnapped for a kick-off)
(MORE)

JODIE (CONT'D)

Nobody ever believes you've ever actually achieved anything under your own steam. Hell no. They just think you're some light weight noo-noo who's been born with a silver spoon stuck up your backside.

(ANN continues to nod in passionate agreement)

So you've to work twice as hard as any other bugger just to prove that you're *not* and *weren't*. AND. If I was a man. Wouldn't happen.

(realising)

Oh, and that's another one! When have you ever heard anyone go, "Oh yeah, he slept his way to the top". No. Obviously no-one ever says that about men because men are intelligent and ambitious and hard-working, whereas we only get anywhere in life if we drop our knickers and get our assets out. OBVIOUSLY.

ANN

(delighted, this all makes sense)

God I love you.

JODIE

Yeah you stick wi' me, kid. I'll get you into bother.

ANN

Can I ask a question?

(all hush hush)

Are you now looking for someone inside the investigation? As regards -

(mouths it)

Vicky Fleming.

JODIE's reminded of the burden of suspecting JOHN.

JODIE

It's tempting.

(but... we sense a but coming on. JODIE really hasn't got her head round thinking the worst of JOHN)

There are other explanations.

CUT TO:

34

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR. DAY 17.
08.00

34

CATHERINE's just heading along the first floor corridor when she sees JOHN WADSWORTH coming up the stairs, on his way into work for the day. He looks wretched. He looks very pale, like someone who hasn't slept for a month. CATHERINE's got something written down on a post-it note.

CATHERINE

Morning.

JOHN

Morning.

CATHERINE

I was just nipping through to talk to one of your lot actually. I've got some information. That might be relevant. About Vicky Fleming.

JOHN

(terrified)

Oh yeah?

CATHERINE

I don't know that it helps. But. It's interesting. If you could pass it on to Mr. Shepherd.

JOHN

Sure.

CATHERINE

Friend of [mine] - me sister's, this bloke -
(realising)
Are you all right? You look like you've got flu.

JOHN

Yeah. I think I'm starting with it.
Go on.

CATHERINE

He's called Neil Ackroyd, he lives down Hebden Bridge. He's happy to come in and be interviewed although... well, it's sensitive. He knew Vicky Fleming. This is about four or five years ago. He was having a fling with her. He was married. And apparently. She tried to blackmail [him] - well, she did blackmail him. She must have drugged him and then taken photos of him. Compromising photos.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

And then threatened to email them to everyone he knew - all his family and friends - if he didn't pay up. She'd downloaded his contacts. Anyway. He couldn't pay what she was asking, and she ruined his life. He lost his job, lost his family. His dignity. He became an alcoholic.

(obviously this is hugely fascinating to JOHN)

That's his name and number. If you want to pass it on. 'Cos obviously whoever killed her coulda been someone she was blackmailing.

JOHN

Thank you.

CATHERINE

You want to get yourself home to bed.

JOHN

I know. Thanks. Thank you.

CATHERINE leaves him to it and heads downstairs to the briefing room. JOHN looks at the name on the piece of paper, thinking "you poor bloke". And then he realises this could also be his ticket to step into ANDY's office and start the conversation whereby he goes on to explain the rest. About himself.

CUT TO:

35

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRWELL. DAY 17.
08.01

35

As CATHERINE heads down the stairs, she starts to realise something. About JOHN WADSWORTH. Or thinks she does. JODIE and ANN happen to be heading in from outside, having finished their fags.

JODIE

(in passing as she heads past CATHERINE and upstairs)

Morning.

CATHERINE

(frosty: she still hasn't forgiven JODIE for interviewing her about Lynn's death)

Morning.

(then to ANN, a sort of whimsical discreet smile)

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

That John Wadsworth. He's not this detective you told our Daniel about. Is he?

ANN

(embarrassed)

Why?

ANN's embarrassed because she was stood up, embarrassed because she talked to DANIEL (a lad she hardly knows) about it, and now he's told his mum.

CATHERINE

No, I just - I think you did well to avoid that one.

ANN

Why?

CATHERINE

I gave him some information that I thought might be pertinent to the investigation. About this fella Vicky Fleming blackmailed, years ago. And he has this glazed look in his eye. Like... durr.

ANN

What and you think it's him?

CATHERINE

Who?

ANN

The fella she blackmailed?

CATHERINE

No. No.

(could it be Neil? We see her thinking. No, she dismisses it)

But. I'm thinking whoever did it could be someone else she's blackmailed. Whereas he's - (she makes a 'right over his head' gesture)

Really not interested, right over his head. You can do a lot better than that, love.

ANN

I didn't fancy him. If that's what you were thinking.

They've reached the briefing room door.

CATHERINE

After you.

(they head inside. The
rest oov -)

Good morning! You lucky people.

CUT TO:

36 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT OFFICE. DAY 17. 36
08.02

JOHN's standing at his desk. He has CATHERINE's post-it note in his hand. He looks across at ANDY, busy in his office, but alone. He could just walk in. He could just walk in and get it all over with. He makes up his mind to do it, but then another officer just taps on ANDY's door, walks into his office, and sits down for a chat. JOHN's lost his moment.

CUT TO:

37 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK. DAY 17. 37
08.05

GRAHAM TATTERSALL comes into reception. He's approximately forty-five years old, dressed smartly for work, and his face is bruised (from a few days ago, not injuries he's sustained just this morning).

GRAHAM

Morning.

JOYCE looks up from HER desk.

JOYCE

Can I help?

GRAHAM

Yes. I hope so. I'd like to speak to someone. I've got some information. That might be relevant. Regarding the er...
Victoria Fleming.

JOYCE

Can I take a name?

GRAHAM

Graham. Tattersall.

CUT TO:

38 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT BRIEFING ROOM. 38
DAY 17. 08.20

ANDY's talking to the team.

ANDY

Right, so this morning. We've got two people who've come forward.

(he's only just got this information himself, so he's reading it off notes he's just made)

We've got a Gary Sugden. Who's the landlord of the Wills O'Nats pub up Slaithwaite.

We're looking at JOHN, and we get a subliminal flash of him sipping the laced pint of beer in ep 1, and in the background - rather hazily - we see a bloke behind the bar who we will assume is GARY SUGDEN.

ANDY (CONT'D)

...and Gemma Tomkinson. Who works at the Travel Inn at Ainley Top.

Again, on JOHN and a subliminal flash of his lost night when he woke up naked in a room and didn't know where he was. Perhaps a flash of walking through reception, blurred, no idea where he was going, and a blurred lass behind the reception desk who we might assume is Gemma Tomkinson.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Both of them. Are saying they've seen a woman. Who they believe may have been Vicky Fleming. At their establishments, with a man. Both are talking about a man smartly dressed, professional, in a black top, white, clean shaven, late forties, early fifties *at around* the time she went missing. She - this Gemma - describes the man as *not looking very well*. So.

Interviewing those two this morning takes priority.

(he's addressing JODIE)

There's their phone numbers that they've left.

(a post-it note)

This Gemma also reckons they might still have some CCTV, even though it's more than twenty-eight days since it happened.

(we see JOHN go particularly white at this information)

She's checked her records, and this was...

(he works it out)

Three days before the flat was burnt out. Three days before Vicky last turned up at work.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

We've also had a number of phone calls from people who were in Ripponden that night, these are all new people, people who did not come forward last time.

JOHN's head's reeling. He feels sick.

Throughout all this a phone is ringing out in the main office. (It's JOYCE downstairs trying to get hold of a detective).

CUT TO:

39

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, CORRIDOR BY THE BRIEFING ROOM. DAY 17. 08.25

39

The UNIFORMS spill out of the briefing room, the meeting over (not GORKEM: he's not here). ANN comes out with the others, but something's troubling her and she goes back to speak to CATHERINE, who's just leaving the room. ANN's nervous, scared she's going to say the wrong thing about a colleague -

ANN

Sorry, this is... probably mad. But when we were doing house-to-house. Weeks ago. Me and John Wadsworth. And I'm not just saying this because he stood me up. He was never off his phone, making these furtive phone calls. And I remember saying to Shaf, "He's having an affair". And then like... a couple of days later. Week after my mother died. He was asking me how he could get his hands on a thousand pounds. And he looked like shit. And I know they're all busy thinking outside the box. But the fact does remain that it'd make a lot more sense if it was someone inside the investigation.

(CATHERINE doesn't quite get it)

I mean like he was being blackmailed.

So then CATHERINE does get it. And weighs it up. Just then JOYCE heads along from reception.

JOYCE

Catherine. There's a fella. I've put him in there -

(she nods in the direction of another room)

Graham Tattersall.

(MORE)

JOYCE (CONT'D)

He says he's got some information, wants to talk to a detective, but they must still be in the briefing upstairs 'cos nobody's answering the phone and he's itching to get off to work. Could you - ?

CATHERINE

Sure.

(she turns to ANN)

It might be relevant. I'll -

(she's a bit reluctant because he is after all a colleague, and it's hardly evidence)

- mention it.

ANN nods and heads off upstairs. CATHERINE goes into which ever room it is that JOYCE has put GRAHAM TATTERSALL in, we go with her...

CUT TO:

40

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, ROOM. DAY 17. 08.26

40

CATHERINE

Mr. Tattersall? I'm Sergeant Cawood. If you want to give me a few brief details I can pass your information on to CID, and then someone'll contact you.

She's got a note pad. She writes his name.

GRAHAM

Oh. Okay. Well. Thing is. It's delicate.

CATHERINE

Can I take an address?

GRAHAM

(impatient)

Yes, it's 27, Lydgate Avenue.

That's L-Y-D, Lydgate. Mirfield.

(he watches her write)

So. The thing is. I've been having - in a - having a - in a -

(embarrassed)

relationship.

CATHERINE

Post code.

GRAHAM

HX2 6BK. Yeah, so I've been having a relationship. With... a lady.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

She's married. I'm married. But.
And her husband was having an
affair with someone else. But.
Anyway, he was away from home one
[night] -

CATHERINE

Have you got a phone number?

GRAHAM

Yes.

(CATHERINE: go on)

It's Halifax. 960441. So...

(he waits for her to
finish writing the phone
number down, just in case
she has any more annoying
questions up her sleeve)

So he was away from home one night.

CATHERINE

Have I spelt your name properly?

She shows him.

GRAHAM

Yes. Thank you.

(is she ready now?)

So he was away from home one night.
On obs. He said. He's a police
officer. And I was round. At her
house. 'Cos normally when he's on
obs, he's out all night. What is
obs?

CATHERINE

Observations. Under cover. Keeping
an eye on people. Go on.

GRAHAM

Okay so. This particular night. He
turned up. One in the morning.

("Shit, that must have
been embarrassing", we
can see CATHERINE
thinking. Obviously she
doesn't say anything.
She's starting to think
this bloke's a jerk)

Yeah. Which... was exciting. But
the point is. She rang me. Last
night. Amanda. His wife. Did. And
we checked our diaries. And. It's
the same night that Victoria
Fleming went missing. Well, the
same night her flat was burnt out.

CATHERINE

So... sorry, you think. This bloke might have something to do with Vicky Fleming. Because he caught you in bed with his wife at one in the morning.

GRAHAM

Yes.

CATHERINE nods: okay, fair enough.

CATHERINE

What's his name?

GRAHAM

John Wadsworth.

CUT TO:

41

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT OFFICE. DAY 17. 41
08.40

The H-MIT briefing has just broken up, and people are returning to their desks. JOHN looks worse than ever. We linger on him as we hear JODIE oov -

JODIE

Mike, Zadie. Can you go and interview this Gary Sugden for me. Paul. Jamie. Can you go talk to Gemma Tomkinson. John, can you phone these people who've left [messages] -

During the above JOHN checks the content of his wallet. He finds his car keys in his desk drawer, sticks his mobile phone in his pocket.

JOHN

I'm just gonna nip out to the chemist and get something for this -

He indicates 'cold'.

JODIE

You do look like shit warmed up.

JOHN

I shan't be long.

JODIE

Go home.

JOHN

(pulls his coat on)
I'll be fine.

JODIE

(she hasn't time to argue
with him: she turns to
another officer)Alastair. Can you phone these
people who've left messages about
being in Rippenden on that evening?But we know JOHN's not just going to the chemist. He's
leaving and he's not coming back.

CUT TO:

42

INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, ROOM. DAY 17. 08.45

42

CATHERINE and GRAHAM TATTERSALL, as before. CATHERINE's
looking thoughtful. This along with what ANN's just told her
add up to something that could be significant. And yet... she
still doesn't quite believe it.

GRAHAM

Years, it's been going on. Well
that's what Amanda's always
suspected. And before her there
were others. But you plod on. Don't
you? For the kids. I mean that's
how me and her - she was tearful
one day, and - not that I'm proud
of it, I know it shouldn't have
happened. On the other [hand] -

CATHERINE

(she interrupts him, she's
trying to get away from
him now)Graham. Mr.Tattersall. I'm sorry, I
know you're in a rush to get to
work, but I'm going to take this
information upstairs, if you could
wait here, and somebody from CID'll
be down to see you.

GRAHAM

He did this.

(he points to his face)

After they'd arrested that lad.

That first one. That Saturday
morning. He must have thought he'd
got away with it...(he follows her out of the
room)He came round our house and he
knocked me about. And that was
interesting in itself. Because he
was going, "Where is she then?
Where is this woman I've been
having this affair with?" -

CATHERINE
I shan't be long.

She's just heading out of the door...

CUT TO:

43 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRWELL. DAY 17. 43
08.46

...and into the stairwell area (struggling to get away from GRAHAM TATTERSALL) just as JOHN's reached the bottom the stairs.

GRAHAM
'Cos obviously by then she was
dead, so he could say that.

CATHERINE sees JOHN.

CATHERINE
John?
(JOHN turns and sees
CATHERINE with GRAHAM
TATTERSALL. He legs it)
John!

CATHERINE goes after JOHN.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 17. 08.47 44

JOHN emerges from the nick, and heads for his car, which is parked on the other side of the road facing towards Sowerby Bridge, but parked right up against the vehicle in front. He flips the driver's door to unlock it.

CATHERINE
John. I just want to talk to you!
(she tries to open the
passenger door as JOHN
steps into the driver's
seat, but it's locked)
John!
(she bangs on the window
as he turns the ignition.
He reverses sharply away
from her and into the
path of a vehicle that's
just emerging from the
Holmes Road Tunnel)
Fucking idiot! What you *doing*?
Jesus.

JOHN's plan (as much as he has one) is to drive off up Norland Road, or off along Station Road towards Sowerby Bridge, but both these roads are blocked by parked vehicles, and vehicles approaching. His only option is to go up Station Road the other way - towards the railways station - even though he knows this is a dead end. CATHERINE sees a patrol car approaching behind the vehicle that's blocking Station Road (towards Sowerby Bridge). She flags it down and gets on her radio.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Bravo November four-five. I'm
chasing - it's complicated - but
I'm chasing D.S. John Wadsworth,
who I believe has been -
(she knows it sounds
bonkers)
*involved in the murder of Vicky
Fleming.*

CUT TO:

45 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, MIKE'S OFFICE. DAY 17. 45
08.48

MIKE hears CATHERINE's message on his radio.

CUT TO:

46 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, H-MIT OFFICE. DAY 17. 46
08.49

JODIE and ANDY (separately) hear CATHERINE's message (their radios are on their desks), and whilst it's almost impossible to believe, there are reasons why they do believe it too. Everyone jumps up.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 17. 08.50 47

It's GORKEM who happens to be behind the wheel of the patrol car as CATHERINE dives into the passenger seat.

CATHERINE
Follow that BMW! Put your foot
down.
(then to her radio)
Units to Sowerby Bridge railway
station.

CUT TO:

48 INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, STAIRS. DAY 17. 08.51 48

SHAF, MIKE, SLEDGE and others who heard the message are running down the stairs.

MIKE

You and you, take the vehicles.

MIKE heads for the front door.

CUT TO:

49

EXT/INT. JOHN'S CAR, STATION ROAD. DAY 17. 08.52

49

JOHN's looking in his rear view mirror to see what's happening behind him. He sees the patrol vehicle behind him: the blue lights and siren suddenly kick in.

CUT TO:

50

INT/EXT. STATION ROAD/PATROL CAR. DAY 17. 08.53

50

CATHERINE and GORKEM speed up.

CATHERINE

Once in your life in the right place at the right time, doesn't it feel good? Eh?

(then looking at the road ahead)

God know what his plans are, but this is a dead end.

CUT TO:

51

EXT. SOWERBY BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION. DAY 17. 08.54

51

JOHN approaches the railway station - at speed - and then realises he's going to have to do a swift U-turn to get out of this dead end. As he veers sharply round to the right his path is blocked by a massive lorry just emerging from the industrial unit behind the railway station. He reverses (far too fast) in order to complete the U-turn, and smacks into a parked car: he lurches forward but now it's right into the path of the approaching patrol car that CATHERINE and GORKEM are driving.

CUT TO:

52

INT. JOHN'S CAR, STATION ROAD. DAY 17. 08.55

52

JOHN tries to steer out of CATHERINE and GORKEM's way.

CUT TO:

53

INT. PATROL CAR, STATION ROAD. DAY 17. 08.56

53

CATHERINE

Throw it broadside!

She grabs the steering wheel and GORKEM brakes at the same time. This blocks the path of JOHN's BMW, and they're half an inch off a collision. CATHERINE (in the passenger seat of the patrol car) and JOHN (in the driver's seat of the BMW) are face to face, no more than four feet away from one another.

CUT TO:

54

EXT. JOHN'S CAR/SOWERBY BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION. DAY 17. 54
08.57

JOHN dives out of his car and runs. CATHERINE dives out of the patrol vehicle and runs. GORKEM dives out of the driver's side and runs, but then the patrol vehicle starts rolling backwards.

CATHERINE

Hand brake!

(GORKEM has to run back,
CATHERINE's hot on JOHN's
heels, but still has
enough joy in her soul to
mumble to herself -)

That's b - r - a - k - e.

JOHN runs onto the west bound platform, but he's still no idea where he's going. He's mumbling "Shit shit shit" to himself over and over again. He legs it along the platform - in the direction he knows the trains come in - and he keeps running. CATHERINE's right behind him.

JOHN jumps down onto the tracks and he's running down the tracks, like he's hoping to just run into the next train that comes along. CATHERINE's still behind him, but pauses at the end of the platform: she knows you don't go on railway lines.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus. John!

(she gets on her radio)

He's on the tracks, he's running on
the tracks towards Sowerby Bridge.

RADIO

(oov)

DO NOT follow four-five.

CUT TO:

55

EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 17. 08.58

55

We glimpse MIKE, who's heading up Station Road towards the railway station. SHAF and SLEDGE have just raced past him in the patrol vehicles.

MIKE

Four-five *do not* follow.

CUT TO:

56

EXT. SOWERBY BRIDGE RAILWAY STATION. DAY 17. 08.59

56

CATHERINE

(a mumble)

Bollocks.

She jumps onto the tracks and follows JOHN. GORKEM piles in behind, and doesn't know whether he should go on the tracks after CATHERINE or not. After some deliberation he decides he should: he can't not support CATHERINE, what if JOHN's dangerous?

JOHN and CATHERINE (and GORKEM, way behind them) race along the track. Eventually JOHN crashes through the foliage on the right hand side, and they come to where the viaduct goes over the road...

CUT TO:

57

EXT. VIADUCT. DAY 17. 09.00

57

The viaduct bridge isn't that high, but it's high enough. If you jumped off you might die, but you'd be more likely just to break your ankles. But maybe JOHN has realised that he can't just run and run. This bridge - ironically - is right opposite the police station.

JOHN

(breathless as he pulls
himself up onto the
bridge and stands up. He
looks mad enough to jump)

You don't come near me!

CATHERINE

John, it's not that high - you're
not gonna -

(she turns her radio off:
it's what you do when in
a situation with someone
who's volatile)

you're just gonna break your legs
and make a mess.

JOHN
Fff... piss off.

He looks down over the edge. A car shoots out from under the tunnel.

CATHERINE

Come on, we both know she was blackmailing you!

JOHN

I burnt the evidence!

He's off his head with anguish and despair and panic. It's at this point that GORKEM crashes through the foliage behind them and sees what's going on.

GORKEM

Shit.

(he gets into his radio
and mumbles into it -)

He's on the bridge opposite the nick, he looks like he's gonna jump.

GORKEM has the wit to stay back: he can see CATHERINE's dealing with it.

CUT TO:

57A INT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION, UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, 57A
STAIRWELL. DAY. 09.01

Having heard GORKEM's message, ANDY, JODIE and others head along the corridor (from the H-MIT wing) and down the stairs. Other uniform officers (including ANN) head down the stairs from the report room.

CUT TO:

57B EXT. VIADUCT. DAY 17. 09.02 57B

CATHERINE

There's other people's evidence.
There's this Neil bloke I told you about. For one. And there's - more than likely - there's others.

JOHN

She spiked my drink! She took photos of me looking stupid and she was going to send them to people!

CATHERINE

I know.

JOHN

Everybody! People I work with, my
my kids, my mother, people I don't
even know that well! They're just
people - people you don't even like
- just people you've had on your
phone for years!

CUT TO:

57C EXT. NORLAND ROAD POLICE STATION. DAY 17. 09.03

57C

ANDY, JODIE, ANN, and others (JOYCE too) pile out of the
station and look up at JOHN, standing on the bridge.

JODIE

Oh fff[uck].

ANN

Shit.

CUT TO:

57D EXT. VIADUCT. DAY 17. 09.04

57D

CATHERINE

I know! I know. I know how she
operated. She *ruined people's*
lives. I tell you, this bloke I
know -

JOHN

I asked her to just let me go and
she wouldn't, and I begged her! And
I didn't mean to kill her, I didn't
go *in there* to kill her, it just -
(just happened)
And so I did this *ridiculous thing*.
To her. And God knows...

(he looks at his hands,
his shaking hands, which
he now knows are capable
of the most horrendous
act, he rubs them
together to clean them)

That's not me. That's - not what
I'm like. I'm not - I'm not a
monster, I never have been.

CATHERINE

John.

JOHN

You come any closer I'll take you with me!

CATHERINE

You were blackmailed. It was provocation. That's mitigating circumstances. And it sounds to me like manslaughter. Ten years - less - and you and me both know you could be out.

JOHN

I'll never work again.

That's true. Not as a copper anyway.

CATHERINE

Have you got children?

JOHN

Shut up!

CATHERINE

Sorry. I am sorry. I've I've I've not done any negotiating courses. Have you?

JOHN

Suicide intervention training. Yes.

CATHERINE

So - so - so what should I be saying to you? Then.

JOHN thinks that through.

JOHN

You should be telling me...
(he becomes upset)
that you're here to make sure that I get out of this alive.

CATHERINE

Well I am. I am here. For that.

JOHN

You should use my name a lot.

CATHERINE

Okay. John.

JOHN

You've got to be assertive.

Reassuring. Empathetic. Kind.

(CATHERINE's nodding: yup,
she's all those things)

And you've... got to listen. You've
got to be a good listener. And...
you tell them that even though they
can't see a way forward. You can.
There are options other than this
one. And that in twenty-four hours'
time, it'll all seem very
different. To what it might look
like now.

(CATHERINE takes that in.

It all makes sense)

But you see... it won't. This can
only get worse.

CATHERINE

How many people have you talked
down? Over the years? John?

JOHN

Seventeen.

CATHERINE

Wow.

JOHN

And I never lost one. Not one. One
lad jumped before I got there,
but... apart from him.

CATHERINE

So...? What you gonna do? Mess my
record up before I've even started?

(she said that to be
funny. JOHN appreciates
that. Even if he's
finding impossible to
smile right now)

Look. I'll tell you what. John. You
take your time, and I'll just -
I'll just stand here. Okay? I'm not
going anywhere. All right? I'll
just listen. Or I'll talk.
Whichever you prefer. John. You
tell me.

During the above we hear (on GORKEM's radio) a message about
getting the helicopter up and stopping the trains.

We're looking at JOHN and we get the idea that she's talked him round and that he's lost the impetus to jump. He levered himself into a sitting position, still on the bridge.

JOHN

I love my kids.

CATHERINE

Yeah.

And then he just lets himself go. Backwards. Over the edge. CATHERINE goes numb for a second.

We cut to the ground, where JOHN hits a van that's just come through the tunnel a bit too fast. It screeches to a halt and JOHN goes flying. He ends up sprawled in the middle of Station Road.

CATHERINE races over to the parapet and looks down.

Down on the ground JODIE and ANDY are the first ones over to JOHN. JODIE checks his pulse. ANDY's on his radio requesting an ambulance. Someone else goes over to help the poor bloke who was driving the van, and who has no idea what just happened.

ANN GALLAGHER looks on, appalled. It's clear from JODIE's manner that JOHN is dead.

Up aloft, on top of the bridge, CATHERINE looks down: did that just happen? GORKEM appears behind her. CATHERINE's gone pale. She feels dizzy and sick. Obviously as a copper with thirty years experience she's used to some heavy duty stuff, but this is a bit of a new one. She sinks down to the ground and puts her head between her knees to stop herself feeling any more weird.

GORKEM

Y'all right? Sarg?

CATHERINE

Yeah. I'm. Yeah. I'm... yeah.

CUT TO:

CATHERINE and MIKE walk back to the nick together along Station Road (like MIKE went up to find her and make sure she's okay). Presumably the road has been shut down, and there are blue lights flashing. An ambulance. GORKEM walks way in front of them.

MIKE

There but for the grace of God.

CATHERINE

Really? He stuck a broken bottle inside her and then prayed to God someone else'd get copped for it.

(beat)

That isn't what I said to him. By the way. I did try and talk him down.

MIKE

I'm pleased to hear it.

(a moment)

Y'all right?

CATHERINE

I thought I'd got through to him. I thought he was stepping down. Then he just went limp. And this odd look came over his face. He said he loved his kids.

(a moment. She suddenly feels emotional, frightened she's going to cry: who'll tell his kids what's happened?)

What a shit week.

MIKE gives it a moment.

MIKE

I've had some more information through. From the D.I.U. About some of Tommy Lee Royce's other visitors.

CATHERINE

Oh yeah?

MIKE

Interesting reading. And I've had a message from the prison liaison service as well.

CUT TO:

59

INT. GRAVESEND PRISON, CORRIDOR. DAY 17. 09.30

59

The CUSTODIAL OFFICER and another PRISON OFFICER head down the corridor and look in on TOMMY. Then one of them unlocks the door.

CUT TO:

60

INT. GRAVESEND PRISON, TOMMY'S CELL. DAY 17. 09.31

60

TOMMY stands up as the CUSTODIAL OFFICER comes in. The other OFFICER waits at the door (in case TOMMY kicks off).

CUSTODIAL OFFICER

S'all right son, sit down. It's bad news I'm afraid. Pending an inquiry into some of the people who visit you, it's been decided - by the Wing Supervisor, and others - that your visits and your phone calls are going to be suspended for a while. As of now.

TOMMY

Why?

CUSTODIAL OFFICER

That's all I can tell you.

TOMMY

Suspended? What? Everyone who visits me?

CUSTODIAL OFFICER

As I've explained.

TOMMY

Phone calls?

CUSTODIAL OFFICER

Yeah.

TOMMY

Why?

We cut out to the corridor as the argument goes on and TOMMY becomes more angry and upset.

CUSTODIAL OFFICER

I've told you everything I can.

TOMMY

Why? Why? Why? WHY?

He kicks off. The second OFFICERS heads into the room to help the CUSTODIAL OFFICER.

CUSTODIAL OFFICER

(ooV)

Calm down. Don't do that, Tommy.

Calm down, Tommy.

CUT TO:

61

EXT. FRANCES'S HOUSE, UPPER BRUNSWICK STREET. DAY 17.
13.00

61

CATHERINE's knocking on FRANCES's door. She's in uniform. FRANCES opens the door.

CATHERINE

Hello.

FRANCES

(she's nervous; this is
the first time she's seen
CATHERINE toolled up to
the nines like a real
copper, and with a real
patrol vehicle parked on
her doorstep)

What d'you want?

CATHERINE offers her a piece of paper. It looks official,
printed off, not something CATHERINE's just composed this
morning. And despite all the kit, CATHERINE's as gentle and
calm as ever -

CATHERINE

These are some of Tommy Lee Royce's
other visitors. That one - Gina
Flynn, she's a forty-five year old
accountant from Warwick. Turns out
he's engaged to her. As well as
you. And that one - Justine
Niewinski - she's from Essex. A
student. Politics and Media. She's
twenty-three. He's engaged to her
as well. And that one - Lena Dixon -
she's a fitness instructor. From
Leicestershire. Twenty-seven. Also
engaged. To him.

(FRANCES doesn't want to
believe this. Obviously.
She thinks she alone is
the only person who can
save TOMMY. But right now
she doesn't look happy or
optimistic about it)

You look after yourself. Okay?

And this isn't any kind of subtle threat. She simply means
it. CATHERINE gets into her patrol vehicle and heads off. We
linger on FRANCES. The message may not have sunk in yet, but
this is the start of it.

CUT TO:

62

INT. HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR. NIGHT 17. 19.00

62

CATHERINE - in uniform - heads along a corridor. She comes to
a private room, which is being guarded by a P.C.

CATHERINE

Hiya.

("All right, Sarg", says
the P.C.)
(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

D'you wanna go get yourself a cup
of tea?

The P.C. heads off, grateful for some relief from the monotony. CATHERINE heads into the room... where we discover ALISON GARRS looking pale, ill, dejected, attached to various monitors.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Hello Alison.

(her manner is so kind and
calm and compassionate)

How are you?

(ALISON doesn't yet know
whether CATHERINE's
someone she can really
trust or not)

I can't begin to imagine how you
feel. But. I just wanted to tell
you. That I...

(CATHERINE didn't have to
come here and say this.
It's big of her. And of
course she's got no idea
how ALISON will take it)

Had a daughter. That died. And I
know it's not the same. But it's
all I've got. To relate it to. And
I just wanted to say. Don't be
short of someone to talk to. If you
want to. You know where I am.

(she offers her card)

You can always rings me.

CUT TO:

63

EXT. ST MARKS JUNIOR SCHOOL, SCHOOL PLAYGROUND. DAY 18. 63
15.00

MRS.BERESFORD's with CATHERINE in the playground. CATHERINE came to collect RYAN, and MRS.BERESFORD caught her for a chat. RYAN's buzzing round the playground with a couple of his mates including CESCO whilst Granny talks to the Head Teacher.

MRS.BERESFORD

I suppose it made me think...

(confidentially, and
tentatively, she knows
how hard this is for
CATHERINE)

that maybe he does need to talk
about his father.

CATHERINE

I know. But how? I can either spell it out to him that he only came into the world because his mother was raped. By a psychopath.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Or I can try and make out - like
Frances did - that he's really not
as bad as all that. Which would
stick in my gullet. And would be a
wrong thing to do. Because he is
just as bad as all that.

(a moment)

What would you do?

She thinks about it, and admits sympathetically -

MRS. BERESFORD

I've no idea.

(a moment)

His reading's improved. And his
writing.

(she manages a smile)

We'll keep on top of that.

CUT TO:

64

INT. GRAVESEND PRISON, TOMMY'S CELL. DAY 19. 10.30

64

TOMMY in his cell. Alone. In a shitty bit of London, of all delightful places. With no-one to communicate with and nothing to do except smoke and get angrier... and angrier... and angrier. Just then someone unlocks his door. A PRISON OFFICER.

PRISON OFFICER

Post.

He drops it on TOMMY's table, and leaves. TOMMY summons the enthusiasm to go and have a look. Several letters, and they've all been opened. He sorts through them and comes to the one that we saw RYAN go off to post. In a child's handwriting: Tommy Lee Royce, Graves End Prison, London. TOMMY opens the letter and reads: 'Dear Dad. Thankyou for sending me that Scalextrix. I know you are sorry about what happened. You can write to me if you like my address is 29, Hangingroyd Street, Hebden Bridge. HX7 8AC. Granny doesn't know though. I hope you are alright. Love from Ryan'. ('Love' might be an after thought, written above the line, and a line pointing to it).

CUT TO:

65

EXT. HEPTONSTALL GRAVEYARD. DAY 19. 11.00

65

CATHERINE's putting flowers on BECKY's grave. She looks solemn - as you'd expect - but we also feel that she's another step closer to being reconciled with the way things are.

Over in another part of the graveyard RYAN and DANIEL are larking about (in a respectful enough way) looking round the graves, commenting on funny surnames, and Sylvia's pens. RYAN clearly delights in DANIEL's company and attention. CLARE's with CATHERINE. She hangs back, gives her a moment, and then ventures -

CLARE
(a smile; we sense they're all in a relaxed mood)
Y'okay?

CATHERINE nods, gives it a moment.

CATHERINE
Odd. The other day. Talking to Alison in the hospital. *

CLARE
Why?

A moment. We sense it's something CATHERINE's hesitant to talk about.

CATHERINE
She told me her story.
(she feels tearful. But in the way you are when you're touched by someone else's courage, not because she's feeling sentimental about BECKY)

You know -
(she feels embarrassed telling the story, even though it's not hers)
Yet another every day story of country folk. Her dad. He interfered with her. Daryl was his son, not his grandson.

CLARE
Jesus.

CATHERINE
She brought up this kid, this child, this aberration. That she loved and hated. Because... what else could she do. And she was terrified of him finding out, so... she tried to stop him bothering with the local lads. So they picked on him. And they knew anyway. They knew something. Somehow. So they became like... outcasts, pariahs. Something to poke fun at. I said, "Did he ever know?" And she said she thought he'd worked it out.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Although they never talked about it. She said. "Because I never had the *language*". I said, "Yeah".

(she's looking across at RYAN)

"I know".

CLARE looks across at RYAN too. She gives CATHERINE a supportive squeeze.

CUT TO:

66

EXT. NORLAND MOOR. DAY 19. 10.45

66 *

CATHERINE, CLARE, DANIEL and RYAN walk up onto the tops, where you can see Wainhouse Tower in the distance. Pure bracing West Yorkshire ventilation.

RYAN

Can I get a dog, Granny?

CATHERINE

No.

RYAN

Why?

CATHERINE

Because you wouldn't look after it.

RYAN

No, I would. I will. I'll walk it and feed it and everything.

CLARE

Yeah, for t'first week.

RYAN

Yeah so I'm thinking maybe a Rottweiler.

CLARE

Are yer.

RYAN

An Alsatian then.

DANIEL

A orangutan.

CLARE

Perfect.

*

*

*

*

*

RYAN

Okay, a Doberman.
(CLARE: yeah right)
A Great Dane.
(nope)
A Siberian Husky. A St.Bernard!

*

CLARE laughs: *Ha!*

*

RYAN (CONT'D)

Is that a yes?

*

CLARE

Can't you get something smaller?

RYAN

Like a Pit Bull?

CLARE

No, like a gold fish.

RYAN

Fish are rubbish! You can't talk to
a fish! I need something with some
personality. Granny. Granny.

DANIEL

I'd buy him a dog just to shut him
up if I was you, mother.

RYAN goes and gives DANIEL a big shove, and they both reckon
to fight, but it's very obviously in fun.

Then RYAN runs off ahead of the others. CATHERINE watches
after him, thinking he's only going to get bigger, and the
problems with him are only going to get more complicated.

END OF SERIES 2